

Halo: Broken Mirror

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Summary: In an alternate reality, the Covenant are losing the war.

Join several different Sangheilli warriors as they fight to save the Covenant, or discover the truth behind their belief.

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Disclaimer: I don't own Halo. However, I do own a copy of Halo and a Special edition copy of Halo 2.

A/N: My first fic in the Halo Category. There's new tech and new personell no one's ever seen before.

Basic BG: The Humans are winning the Human/Covenant war. Been that way ever since it started. This is an alternate dimension fanfic. Look for stuff that's not part of the Halo games.

Inri 'Ecaolee sat down, clicking his mandibles. The war was definitely not going well. Since it began, the heretical humans had been pushing the Holy Covenant back. He pondered that maybe it was a mistake to attack their colony. Their retaliation was unmatched by anything the Covenant could muster. First the edge planets, then the mid ring, now the humans have penetrated into Sacred Ground. Even Sangheil, the holy land of his forefathers, had been captured.

'Ecaolee was lucky to be alive. His group had just run into some humans. Four marines, and a spartan, versus his five unggoy, two kig-yar, and himself. The poor fools never had a chance. Had he not snuck up on the spartan, he would've joined his group. 'Ecaolee had no intention of going steel blade to plasma blade with a demon. Their blades were built into their armor, extending only when they called upon it. The Covenant's engineers imitated this to the best of their abilities. The result was a wrist version of the Sangheilli plasma sword. It left two hands to shoot with, and could be called upon immediately.

'Ecaolee looked up, as he heard a human vehicle approach. Ducking behind a small structure, he saw what looked like an armored warthog. The ones he had seen looked as if they weren't supposed to have a roof. This one had a roof, three doors (two in front, one in back), and, in place of a projectile weapon, it had a giant speaker. The 'diplomat' as it was called was flanked by two normal warthogs, blasting away at Covenant corpses.

The warthogs were moving at walking speed, in order to keep pace with the human footsoldiers. 'Ecaolee saw many marines, a few spartans, and a class of soldier known as the centurion. The centurion was the human answer to the kig-yar. With a large, square, titanium shield made to deflect bullets and light enough to be carried, and a small automatic weapon for firing support, the centurion easily outclassed the kig-yar. To top it all off, their bodies were covered in a black armor similar to the human's 'helljumpers'.

A human voice came through the speaker. The language, however, was Sangheilli. "Quit this fighting." The voice said. "You are fighting for the wrong side. Your prophets will only lead you to your doom. Our advance is unstoppable. If you stand in the way, you will perish. Join us, and you will be spared."

'Ecaolee's eyes widened. He had heard stories. Even the bravest Sangheilli would turn to a cowardly heretic when they encountered this 'voice of reason'. That vehicle had made many Covenant creatures question their faith. 'Ecaolee wouldn't dare turn against the prophets!

Would he?

There were advantages of converting. He would keep his life, and be on the winning side. In fact, it might be a good ide-

No. 'Ecaolee forced the heretical thought out of his mind. He was a Sangheilli. He had taken an oath. According to his station, all without exception. On the blood of his fathers, on the blood of his sons, he swore to uphold the Covenant, even to his dying breath. He would see to it that he never broke this oa-

Waitaminnit! On the blood of his sons! 'Ecaolee had a son, living on Sangheil! His son was alive, he was sure! The spy net had said that the Covenant noncombatants were still alive, and treated well! The prophets had twisted this truth, saying what merciless savages the human leaders were. But he knew the truth, as he had a friend that went to Sangheil on an espionage mission. If 'Ecaolee died for the Covenant, he would never see his son again. Hesitantly, he made a descision. He threw down his plasma rifle, and put his hands in the air, stepping out in plain view of the humans.

Well, that's it. Review it, please. I'm only happy with reviews. But I'm happy today, because it's my 18th bday! It's gonna be awesome!

End
file.